

DIAMOND JUBILEE

CELEBRATING SIX DECADES OF SOCIETY FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS AND FEATURES 1901—1961







The University of Schweppshire



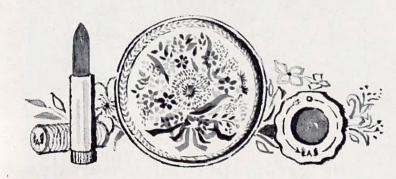
REPORT ON DRAMA. The amalgamation of S.H.R.O.U.D.S. and the Foglamps resulted in a successful year, although a modern English play by Schwesker, translated into Rumanian and acted on the circular staircase of the 13th century Tower of All Spirits by 12 bus conductors chosen and rehearsed at random, did not get good notices. "If a play is basically something to be seen it must be seen." Accepting this principle, Stükl adapted his version of the Old King Cole story, with its chorus of junior astronomers dressed as nuns, to a specially constructed inverted dome on infra-red telescope lines. Later in the year, deliberately choosing a theatre which was not a theatre, the committee courageously hired, for its *Julius Cæsar* in Old Pretender costume, the building site for the new Budds and Hocking Central Stores. "What we liked about it was that the setting was really *used*," said the *New Schweppsman*. If it seemed natural to the actor saying rhubarb to sit on a concrete mixer when he said it he sat on it.

Future plans are many. Already in rehearsal is the new anonymous drama with its famous television-watching scene set in a nurses home. Though post-sink in tempo, the costumes are Aegean in flavour. Indeed even the director is wearing archipelagic clothes based on recent excavations.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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Volume CCXLI Number 3123

5 JULY 1961

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER



The little man alongside is 60 years old this week—not 250 as devotees of the writings of Sir Richard Steele (Isaac Bickerstaff) might imagine. In fact the Tatler that Clement Shorter founded in 1901, editing the first issue of his new Society and

Dramatic Paper from offices in Great New Street, City, was the fourth to bear the name. Steele's Tatler (he adopted the spelling by the way—the original was Tattler) lasted only two years, though it was revived over 40 years later by a certain William Bickerstaff, Esq., described as "nephew of the late Isaac Bickerstaff"—his real identity was never discovered. Only three issues were published, the last on 3 January, 1754. Another 70 years passed before the next Tatler appeared as A daily journal of Literature and the Stage. It died in the 40s of last century, leaving a gap of 60 years before the Tatler made its fourth and final come-back. Since then its continuity has been maintained through three major wars and a whole social revolution—it wouldn't be possible to document the years since the death of Victoria without reference to our files. In those years the Tatler had its share of great names—quite apart from the celebrities photographed in its pages—cartoonists like Phil May and George Belcher, writers like Michael Arlen, E. F. Benson and Agate, editors like Edward Huskinson, the stockbroker-turned-journalist who took over from Shorter. After 60 years the little man shows no signs of flagging and there are still plenty of good names to help him along. But this week it's a time to look back and in the following pages you'll find a few reminders of what we were to contrast with what we are now . . .

The cover:



The centre-piece is a cartoon by the inimitable Phil May, one of the first of a long line of distinguished Tatler contributors. Another of them, veteran photographer A. V. Swaebe, describes his long association with the Tatler on page 18 with historic pictures from his files. The diamond motifs enshrine a social phenomenon described more fully by Maureen Williamson in The shrinking wardrobe, page 28. Cover devised by Anthony Mayer

GOING PLACES

Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. To 22 July.

Architecture today (six years of British architecture), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 29 July. Calvert. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 35.

SOCIAL & SPORTING Lawn tennis championships, Wimbledon, to 8 July.

Henley Royal Regatta, to 8 July. Royal Garden Party, Buckingham Palace, 6 July.

Eton v. Harrow at Lord's, 7, 8 July. Kirtlington Park Polo Club Ball, Kirtlington Park, Oxon, 7 July.

Jazz Concert, "An Evening with Johnny Dankworth," Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 7 July, in aid of the London Branch of the Red Cross. (Tickets Royal Festival Hall and agencies.)

Abbeyfield Bridge Tournament, May Fair Hotel, 2-5.30 p.m., 17 July. (Tickets: Mrs. Geoffrey Mansfield, Flat 2, 22 Elm Park Gdns., S.W.10.) Game Fair, Weston Park, Shifnal, Shropshire, 9 a.m., 6.30 p.m., 21, 22 July.

Pied Piper Fair, Newburgh Priory, Coxwold, Yorks, 2-6 p.m., 29 July.

RACE MEETINGS

Salisbury, Pontefract, Yarmouth, 5, 6; Manchester, Sandown Park, 7, 8; Beverley, Newcastle, Worcester, 8; Birmingham, Lewes, 10; Newmarket, 11-13; Bath, Doncaster, 12, 13 July.

CRICKET

Third Test Match, England v. Australia, Leeds, 6-11 July.

GOLF

Open Championship, Royal Birk-dale, Southport, 10-14 July.

MOTOR RACING

British Empire Trophy Race, Silverstone, 8 July.

YACHTING

Round-The-Island Race, Cowes, 8 July.

MUSICAL

Kirov Ballet, Covent Garden. Gala programmes, 7.30 p.m. tonight & 10 July; 2 p.m., 8 July; Giselle, Gallery, St. James's Squ 29 July.



6, 7 July; The Stone Flower, 8 July; Swan Lake, 11, 12, 13 July, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Rudolf Schwarz, 8 July.

ART

"Directions—Connections" (architecture, painting, sculpture), A.I.A. Gallery, Lisle St. To 21 July.

Art In Roman Britain, Goldsmiths

FIRST NIGHTS

Lyric, Hammersmith. Oh Dad, Poor Dad. . . . ", tonight.

Aldwych (Royal Shakespeare Company), Becket, 11 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 35.

The Rehearsal. ". . . much the cleverest play in London, and, I think, the most exciting. Alan Badel, Maggie Smith, Phyllis

Leopold Stokowski, photographed at the Royal Festival Hall recently, is to conduct Schoenberg's Gurrelieder at the opening concert of Edinburgh Festival next month

G.R. = General Release

Two Rode Together. "... a piece of authentic pioneering history which makes no claim to be anything but popular entertainment." Richard Widmark, James Stewart. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham





GOING PLACES LATE

One for the villagers

Douglas Sutherland

WHAT PROMISES TO BE ONE OF LONDON'S LIVELIER RENDEZVOUS GOT OFF to a good start last week when photographer Alex Sterling's new club The Village opened its doors in Lower Sloane Street with an inaugural party of writers, artists, tycoons, models and the inevitable stars of stage, screen and radio. Unusual aspect of the party was that practically all those present had already become paid-up members and the subscription list was closed before the party was over. Now late applicants are having their money returned, which must in itself make the place unique in these days when most club owners are only too pleased to waive subscriptions in order to attract members.

Object of the new club is to provide a meeting place for the boys and girls of the village where they can eat and drink at reasonable prices in the sort of free and easy atmosphere more usually found at a private party. As one would expect from a versatile fellow like Alex the club incorporates a hatful of gimmicks. At the bar, for example, is a genuine old-style village pump from which the bitter is enthusiastically pumped by barman Caryl Ryan, who works at The Village when not coping with the weekend rush in the top bar at Paddy Kennedy's Star Tavern. Incidentally, members will find a lot of familiar faces among the staff-Ann Salisbury, for instance, who used to run the Soup Kitchen in Cambridge, is the manageress, and her assistant is Sally Newton, daughter of the late Robert Newton. Also being efficient around the place is Helen Buckley, back from Australia and filling in time while she gets back into the swim of things with modelling and television appearances. Pianist discovery 17-year-old Kevin Tracy plays in the bar, and has just signed up a contract with Village member, impresario Philip Waddilove.

Table reservation plaques are of hand-painted tiles inscribed with the member's own name. To have your own tile is something of a status symbol. As someone at the party suggested, membership forms should bear the warning: "The management reserve the right not to give you a tile". Founder members include Kirk Douglas, David Niven and

Richard Lyon representing show business, together with tycoon David Brown, Chris Brasher, Stirling Moss, Feliks Topolski, Jacqui Chan, Arthur Ferrier, Maxine Audley and Pete Murray.

Food is simple and good; it will be difficult to spend as much as £1 a head. Wines vary from an average 12s. 6d. to 17s. with some really great ones around the 50s. mark. Membership is £2 2s. whether you rate a tile or not, but a few of the existing members will have to die off before you stand much chance of getting in.

Another hard-to-join club in the borough of Chelsea is the Jacaranda in Walton Street. Opened in 1949 by a group of ex-officers, it rapidly became one of the most popular haunts of the Chelsea and Kensington late nighters. It is still run by one of the original founders, bearded ex-gunner Guy Holmes. Subscription is £3 3s. and they have preserved a policy of strictly controlled membership. Now many of the original members are finding it an ideal place to dine and dance, not only for themselves but for their sons and daughters enjoying London life for the first time. The food is really good and the club has a friendly atmosphere. There is dancing nightly to a resident band, and a supper-licence which allows one to drink up to half past midnight—the latest you can drink anywhere outside the West End.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) Eydie Gorme & Steve Lawrence with Corbett Monica Society (REG 0565) Felicia Sanders Blue Angel (MAY 1443) Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves, and Hutch

Embassy (hyd 5275) Maori Hi-Fi Band

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) The Burt Twins

Winston's Club (REG 5411) Danny la Rue produces and stars in This Is Your Nightlife. Earlier evening show Old Time Music Hall

Savoy (TEM 4343) Silvan, modern magic, and the Savoy Dancers

Astor (GRO 3181) Rip Taylor, The Francines and Mike Desmond



Johnny Ray is at the Talk of the Town for a short season. The Ten O'Clock Follies as usual

GOING PLACES TO EAT

For kebab and curry fanciers

John Baker White

C.S. =Closed Sundays W.B. =Wise to book a table

Au Savarin, 8 Charlotte Street. (Mus. 7134.) C.S. Not very large but well known to an established clientele for the excellence of its food and the quality of its wines. The menu is both French and Greek in character, though the mixed grill is as first-class as the kebab. The décor, with its Burgundy background, is pleasant and restful. I have only one complaint, an unusual one. The fan at the back of the room is apt to create too much cold air, which can spoil both wine and food. W.B.

Jamshid's India Restaurant, 6 Glendower Place, South Kensington. (KNI 2309.) C.S. If you want to eat curry in comfort and without undue speed, this small restaurant is the place to go. Established quite a long time now, it is still one of the best in its specialized field. Fully licensed. An ample curry with its trimmings, and a "cooler" such as lychees, will cost you something less than £1. W.B.

Try a round table conference

Conferences come and go, but they do not impair the charm of the spacious town of Harrogate with its beautiful gardens. The Cairn Hotel, a Trust House, has quiet comfort and service with a pre-war

standard of courtesy. The food is plain but good, and the cellar has some excellent wines, including a 1947 Burgundy and a sound vintage port. A three-course luncheon costs 10s. Just down the hill are the Royal Baths, and among them what, as something of an expert, I would class among the best Turkish Baths in Britain. Like the restaurant at the Cairn Hotel, they are open on Sundays.

Wine note

Recently, at the premises of Messrs. Gonzalez Byass, I had the opportunity to try the Charles Heidsieck 1955 Vintage Champagne. Supported by opinions much more expert than mine I can say that it is delightful, and particularly suited to the British taste. It is a vintage worthy of its predecessor. It will appear on the wine merchants' and restaurant lists in the coming months, and will be even better in 1962 than now.

... and a reminder

The London Steak House, Baker Street. (WEL 1932.)
Sundays 6.30 p.m.-10.30 p.m.
Look for the Pontet Canet 1952 for £1.
Chez Vatel, 1 Old Brompton Road (opp. S. Kensington Station.) C.S.
(KEN 3888.) Italian cooking
Dorchester Hotel, The Terrace
Room. (MAY 8888.) Elegant is the word, with dancing to Albert
Marland's Band
The Empress, Berkeley Street.

(MAY 6126.) New and what the

Spaniards call lujo. One of Mario's Café Royal, Regent Street.

(WHI 2373.) Steak Burgundy, i.e.
Steak Fondu is now on the menu
Tolaini's, 17 Wardour Street
(Leicester Square end). C.S.
(GER 1666.) Comfortable. Italian
dishes a speciality
Royal Court Hotel Grill Room,
Sloane Square (SLO 9191.)
Open Sundays. Range of cooking
wider than the word "grill" implies
Le Bébé Rascasse, 59 Cadogan
Street, Chelsea (KEN 2839.)
London-type bistro atmosphere

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Rocking-chair winners

Doone Beal

IN DUBLIN, THERE ARE FIVE PRETTY WELL BEATEN PATHS TO THE BEST food; the dark, leathery Dolphin with almost unmatchable steaks and shellfish; Red Banks, also good on shell fish; Jammet's for Franco-Irish fare; and the restaurants of the Russell and the Hibernian, the last having recently been redecorated into one of the pleasantest hotels in the city.

The surprise is to find how good the food can also be in the country, not only in the first-class hotels but also in some listed in the Irish hotel guide only as B and C category. Since Michelin have widened their scope to include Italy and Spain, I venture to suggest that Irish food now merits serious consideration on the star basis. In the meantime, and with apologies to the publishers, I offer my own Michelin Treatment on some pleasant stopping places based on a tour of the West Coast. Stars refer to quality, dollar signs to price.

Starting with Donegal in the north, I list in its own right the restaurant belonging to Rosapenna Hotel***\$\$\$\$. The Great Southern Hotel at Sligo, which looks unpromising, turns out to have the same quality of food as some admirable commercial hotels in France. They offer a five course dinner at 15s. as well as à la carte, and I had salmon there that still tasted of the river.*\$ Ballina, a comfortable morning's drive onwards, is a most pleasant market town where the Downhill Hotel serves excellent local food in a particularly pretty diningroom.*\$\$ Achill Island, linked to Mayo County by a little causeway, is one of those places that looks good even on the map. It is; its beautiful wilderness of rocks and mountains is scattered with sugar-cubes of white cottages. In one of these, the Amethyst,* the accommodation is only of the simplest guesthouse kind but the food is extremely good. There is no menu but Mrs. Boyd specializes in the lost art of true country cooking-sorrel soup, chicken cooked with belly of pork, and always there is a fresh roast for lunch. An alternative, with a much more elaborate menu, is the Achill Head Hotel of which I heard excellent

Dropping south into Connemara, at the head of Killary Harbour, is the tiny village of Leenane. The hotel-yet another to be newly decorated and equipped—is one of the few fishing hotels that welcome casual custom.\$\$ Renvyle House*\$, on one of the loveliest promontories of the entire coast, is worth visiting for its situation alone, and they too cater for casual visitors. The other contender in the same area is the Zetland Arms at Cashel Bay. § Its food is only adequate, but it would deserve a rocking chair in Michelin terms for the view framed in its dining-room windows. A pleasant and comfortably casual place also in which to stay.

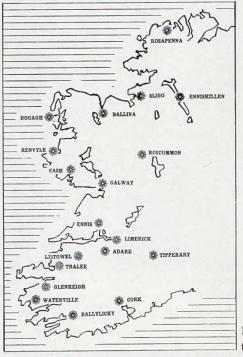
One of the great showplaces in Ireland is Ashford Castle, in Cong, facing the waters of Lough Corrib. It is best to telephone for a reservation if you want only a meal (Cong 3). Otherwise, do not be put off by some rather forbidding notices at the outer gates and an admission charge of 1s. They are put there in an effort to keep away picnickers who come to look round this incredible edifice dating in part to the 17th century, with some rather startling neo-Gothic additions. Inside, it is luxe indeed, with a rocking chair of a view. They make proper Martinis (not so common in the Irish countryside) and Noel Huggard, the proprietor, smokes his own salmon and offers an impressive

Directly across the Lough from Cong is Jim Egan's famous pub at Oughterard. The dining-room is a mere back parlour, but people go a long way for Egan's steaks, grilled Irish gammon, and trout.*

The Great Southern Hotel in Galway maintains a food standard that our own railway hotels would do well to emulate, but the next place worthy of note is the Old Ground Hotel in the market town of Ennis, County Clare.*\$ Already well known to Limerick racegoers, it is a creeper-covered old coaching inn of charm, and makes a good stopping point to or from Shannon Airport.

Just south-west of Limerick is the enchanting village of Adare. The village has a curiously English flavour in that it has a middle, whereas most Irish villages straggle like a caravan caught on the move. The Dunraven Arms there*\$\$ is decorated with great charm and has its own kitchen garden. (One of the few things lacking in Irish food apart, sometimes, from fresh mayonnaise, is salads.) The Listowel Arms in Listowel is the kind of establishment, listed only with a modest C, that you would only find if you knew about it. It is in the main square of the town and its atmosphere is shabby, leathery and matey. Joseph Locke, the publican, holds court from behind the bar and it was he who told me that salmon from the river nearby is flown daily from Shannon to New York's Waldorf Astoria. Chez Locke, it can be enjoyed for 12s. 6d. a head, warning preferable.

Benner's Hotel, in Tralee,**\$ is another place whose outside would not necessarily lure one to stop, but it was there that I had some of the best food in Ireland. "I'm afraid it's a wee bit warm," said the



Follow the map for the hotels

waitress as she served us with lobster only minutes out of the boiler. I had forgotten the fame of Tralee ham until I tasted it again here and the flavour of a chicken that has known life outside the forcing battery. With it, try a château bottled Margaux—at £1 a bottle (though nearly all wine in Ireland is reasonable).

Driving along the north side of the famous Ring of Kerry, two hotels in Glenbeigh almost facing each other across the road both have that air that makes you stop the car. They are owned respectively by mother and son. Mrs. Evans's place (known locally as the House of Lords) has an enchanting garden looking over the water to the hills of Dingle. The H. of C., owned by her son, might have the edge on food, though lacking the view. Its proper name is Tower's Hotel.**

Another branch of the Huggard family who own the Butler's Arms at Waterville**\$ produce food to remember, including the same homecured salmon one finds at Ashford Castle. Book a table: Waterville 20.

Ardnagashel House***\$ at Ballylicky, nestling at the head of Bantry Bay, is another rocking-chair place with magnificent gardens and a little private beach. Ronald Kaulbech cares with real passion about both wine and food, and puts on rather more sophisticated fare than most—exotic consommé with marrow and pizza as well as the usual trout and salmon. Telephone for a casual meal (Ballylicky 16).

Leaving Ireland by boat from Cork, a good place with which to remember Irish food at its best is the Oyster Tavern.** Get there in good time and stake your claim to a table. Their plain sole and steaks are superlative.

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THE TATLER 5 JULY 1961

JUBILEE DUCHESS



Fashions in photography change as irrevocably as fashions in dress. Desmond O'Neill took this picture of the Duchess of Sutherland because the first Tatler of 3 July, 1901, began with a frontispiece portrait of the then Duchess. Compare

O'Neill's outdoor treatment—the Duchess was photographed at the entrance to her home in Richmond Park—with the stylized formality of the original by turning overleaf.

The Duchess of 1901 was the present Duke's mother; she attended Queen Mary at her Coronation and was later decorated for services in France during the First World War. She died in 1955. The present Duchess spent her early life in India. She married the Duke in 1944 and they now divide their time between England, America and the Bahamas

Launching the First Lord's daughter

MURIEL BOWEN'S COLUMN

LADY CARRINGTON'S DANCE FOR HER DAUGHTER Alexandra at West Wycombe Park, the Buckinghamshire home of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., & Lady Dashwood, topped the week of the year for family parties with glamorous dance following glamorous dance. Alexandra in white peau de soie and her young friends, including Prince William of Gloucester, Miss Polly Eccles, the Hon. Sarah Norrie, and young Mr. Winston Churchill, danced until dawn broke over the tree tops. Said Lady Carrington: "Months ago the Dashwoods whom we know very, very well suggested having Alexandra's dance at West Wycombe, and it just could not have worked out more nicely for us."

There was dancing in the pink and gold drawingroom which has a fascinating and famous Italian ceiling depicting the feast of the gods. Admiring it, and also this handsome house all done in white flowers, were Mr. Ian Orr Ewing, M.P., & Mrs. Orr Ewing, Lady Eliott of Stobs and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Westmacott, and Major Richard Rasch (Alexandra's godfather and so one of the V.I.P.s of the evening). Also there: Field Marshal Viscount Slim & Viscountess Slim, the Peruvian Ambassador & Madam de Rivera Schreiber; Viscount Colville of Culross, Col. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell who were staying with the Dashwoods, as were Lord & Lady Aberdare, and Lt. Gen. Mohammad Yousuf, the Pakistan High Commissioner.

As well as more formal dancing in the drawing-room there was a steel band in vigorous swing in the Palladian Music Temple out on an island in the lake. This was reached by punt and the sight of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Carrington, being punted over and back must surely be one of the more memorable incidents of this year's coming out dances. The First Lord's visit to the Music Temple was a routine duty of a débutante father; a tour of inspection. The older generation didn't bother with the

The Tatler's first frontispiece. This picture of the then Duchess of Sutherland by H.S. Mendelsohn was published on 3 July, 1901. She was the wife of the 4th Duke



Music Temple. "Just as well too," observed Lady Carrington afterwards, "because when the night got on a bit the young had made off with all the punts!" With punts and plenty of young men to shunt them along it was the perfect launching for the First Lord's daughter.

FAIRYLAND AT SYON

Another of the season's highlights was the dance given by Mrs. "Miki" Sekers for the coming-out of her daughter, Christine (pictures on pages 16 & 17). The Pavilion at the Duke of Northumberland's place Syon Park had been turned into fairyland. The blue and pink décor was authentic 18th century, an opulent background for beautiful clothes. To reach it Princess Margaret and the hundreds of other guests walked beneath a covered way bordered by spruce trees and lit by flickering candles in red and blue glass holders. Mr. Sekers, known in London as a rare good talker and in the North for his Rosehill Arts Theatre (sometimes called the Glyndebourne of the North), is a man with great flair and the necessary business acumen to earry out his ideas. The success with which he devised and carried out the décor was the talk of the dance for people like the Duchess of Buccleuch and her sister Mrs. Diana Daly, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft. Minister of Civil Aviation, & Mrs. Thorneycroft, Mr & Mrs. Robin Douglas-Home, and Mrs. Nigel Campbell Miss Vivien Leigh stood for several minutes entranced by the night club. The castellated walls were covered to their full height with moss. On the top the stone figures were covered completely in moss and so were their musical instruments. This as well as the Pavilion décor was the work of Mr. Felix Harbord who had worked on it virtually non-stop for three days and three nights. He finished it half-an-hou before the party started, and returned to enjoy its success at 1.30 a.m. "We didn't want to give the dance in a London hotel and Cumberland is too far away for the young," Mr. Sekers told me. "So we asked our friends to look out for something for us in London that wasn't an hotel. Then the Northumberland family offered us the Pavilion."

DANCING IN CHELSEA

Lady Kenyon's dance for her daughter, Miss Sarah Peel, was at Sloane House, the Chelsea home of Mr. & Mrs. John Ehrman (pictures opposite). "We were lucky," said Lady Kenyon. "It would have been a terrible jaunt for everybody if they had to go to Shropshire." Mrs. Ehrman is an old school friend of Lady Kenyon's and she's also Sarah's godmother. "For years she's been saying that Sarah must have her coming out at Sloane House," Lady Kenyon told me. The marquee in the garden was built in such a way as to take in the rose beds (suitably guarded to avoid torn dresses) and the fine terrace with its stone pillars. The centrepiece was the stone fountain surrounded by red and yellow roses. Dancing that night were Mrs. John Drummond, Mr. John Temple,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Lady Vaughan-Morgan & the Hon. Lady Waley Cohen, the Lady Mayoress of London





Lord & Lady Kenyon with her daughter Miss Sarah Peel

CHELSEA DANCERS

A yellow and white striped marquee covered the garden at Sloane House, for the coming-out dance of Miss Sarah Peel, daughter of Lady Kenyon

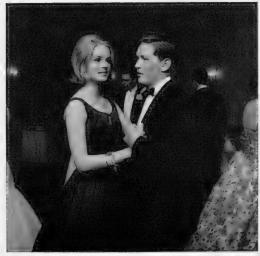
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Nicky Trethowan in the supper room



Miss Camilla Wigan



Miss Jane Skipwith and Mr. Adrian Sandars





Miss S. Dudley Ryder, a descendant of the former owner of the house

MURIEL BOWEN continued



Lady Illingworth with Mr. F. A. Lyon, honorary treasurer of the Seamen's Hospital Society. Above left: Lady Colby & her daughter, Miss Carol Colby, in the dining-room where some magnificent silver was displayed. Above right: The Hon. Michael Norton examines recently discovered frescoes attributed to Hogarth





AT 44 GROSVENOR SQUARE

Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Temple, Major Nigel Kearsley, Sir Evelyn & Lady Broughton, Mrs. John Schreiber, and Major & Mrs. Peter Ormerod.

LADY ILLINGWORTH'S OPEN HOUSE

One has come to expect the opening of houses to the public always to follow the same pattern. But it wasn't so last week with Lady Illingworth and the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava raking in the halfcrowns. More later about Lady Dufferin's opening of her weekend retreat in Kent. Some months ago Lady Illingworth decided to open her house, 44 Grosvenor Square, for two days to benefit the Seamen's Hospital Society. When the day came for the butler to unfasten the heavy black door the house was doomed-well almost. Westminster City Council and the L.C.C. had agreed that the historic old house stood in the path of progress. Worse still, Mr. Henry Brooke, Minister of Housing and Local Government, faced with deciding its future, turned down a reprieve. With all this hullaballoo going on, and the house the last private one in Grosvenor Square, the opening assumed a quiet but firm air of defiance. It was all so perfectly British; much too good to miss. Men who had dined there 40 odd years ago as subalterns came back now as balding colonels. There were Americans by the score, smiling-some frowning -as they sighted a well-thumbed copy of President Kennedy's book, Profiles in Courage on a table.

Lady Illingworth wearing a suit of American Beauty rose pink, a big floppy white organdie hat resting on her blonde hair, was enjoying every minute of the opening. "Even yesterday when the house was closed I came back from a lunch to find Senora Miriam Beltran, wife of the Prime Minister of Peru. and a whole lot of Americans standing on the doorstep." The future of the house is uncertain. A property company wants to develop this part of Grosvenor Square (some of the adjoining houses are in ruins) and to include Lady Illingworth's house. It will be a loss if it is pulled down to make way for what would be, at most, eight dogbox-size flats. "Westminster City Council condemned the house without ever looking inside, the L.C.C. at least looked at it first," she told me. "But I wish Mr. Brooke would come, I'd like to show him round,"

. . . AND LADY DUFFERIN'S

When I arrived at The Owl House-Lady Dufferin had opened it to raise funds for the Horder Centres for Arthritics-there was an auction in progress. It wasn't a bore. Vicomte d'Orthez got a bottle of whiskey. "Best drop of Scotch you've ever had in all your life, it was made in Dublin," said Milton, Lady Dufferin's butler, the auctioneer, as he handed it over The Vicomte, a champagne man, was a little nonplussed until Judge John Maude advised him that it was good stuff to have around in cold weather. Lord

PRE-WIMBLEDON DINNER

At the pre-Wimbledon dinner given by the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain. Below: Mr. & Mrs. Fred Perry stand either side of the Hon. Mrs. Glover & Mr. G. Hughes. Right: M. Jean Borotra & Mr. H. David, All-England Club chairman. Far right: Mr. & Mrs. Neale Fraser











PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

At Hurlingham; far left: Miss Margaret Smith, the No. 2 seed. Centre: Lady Norton, wife of the Hurlingham Club chairman. Left: Mrs. Oliver Prenn, wife of the former Junior champion

HURLINGHAM REHEARSAL

Melchett won a pillow in a raffle. Magnanimously he gave it back to be auctioned, subsequently buying it back again for 70s. The Owl House is a dear little 16th-century wool smuggler's cottage, half-timber, half-tile with red roses climbing up to the roof. In the years that Lady Dufferin has had it, she's greatly added to the amenities. The rose garden is small but a gem. Such delights provided a pile of halfcrowns for the Horder Centres. But naturally there were the sideshows too, ably run by, among others, Miss Dora Rahvis, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Lady Prichard-Jones, the Hon. Mrs. McNeill-Moss, Primrose Countess Cadogan, and the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton Black.

WINE IN THE TITHE BARN

Down in Sussex country houses have provided the backdrop to the first Sussex Festival which had Lord Rupert Nevill as chairman and Lady Birley as deputy chairman. Most ambitious of the events had nothing at all to do with music. It was a wine and food evening at the tithe barn in the grounds of Charleston Manor which the late Sir Oswald Birley used as a studio. Twenty-eight dishes, made from recipes of half-a-dozen countries were massed on a buffet on the stage and sharply lit to bring out a feast of gloriously vivid colours. "Our aim was to provide things which could be produced by anybody with a reasonable purse using their imagination," Lady Birley told me. The whole thing was well done.

There were roses and more roses sent by friends and neighbours and Mr. Oliver Messel and Mr. Vagn Riis-Hansen put them round the barn. Supper over, Mr. Christopher Soames was chairman for a discussion on cookery. An excellent chairman, but as Minister of Agriculture he could not endorse everything that was said. Mr. Osbert Lancaster was as outspoken as the creation of his cartoons, Maudie Littlehampton. People talk of the benefits of Continental influences as a result of going into the Common Market, Mr. Lancaster observed, but might it not be that the influence of our food might destroy theirs?

Another country house which was also part of the festivities was Petworth, that vast French-inspired architectural pile which the 3rd Lord Leconfield gave to the National Trust with a large endowment for its upkeep. Lord Leconfield's nephew, Mr. John Wyndham (who is secretary to the Prime Minister) and his wife live there now. Petworth's famous Grinling Gibbons room was full for the concert given by Peter Pears, tenor, and Julian Bream, lute and guitar. Major & Mrs. John Hill were there, and so were Mr. & Mrs. Jonathan Ward, and Cmdr. & Mrs. Rupert Nicol-all of whom had motored down from London for the evening. Mention of Petworth, by the way, reminds me that in a recent issue of The Tatler the park and grounds were mentioned inaccurately as suitable places to picnic. We regret any inconvenience that may have been causedpienicking is not allowed.



Two members of the Russian tennis team at the dinner: Miss Anna Dmitrieva & Mr. Sergei Likhachev



A COACH AND A CONCERT



Roll-a-penny sideshows and a barbecue occupied the guests between dances





In Surrey, at the R.M.A.S., Camber-ley, cadets drove guests around in a coach-and-pair at their June Ball

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Major-Gen. G. C. Gordon-Lennox, Commandant of the R.M.A.S., and Mrs. Gordon-Lennox



Looking into the North Bay from the North Gallery at Petworth, Below: Lady Diana Cooper and Mr. F. A. Warner



In Sussex, Mr. & Mrs.

John Wyndham gave
a musical evening at
Petworth House, their
country home, as part
of the Sussex Festival

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mrs. F. W. Frohawk. Left: Viscount & Viscountess Norwich at the concert



SUMMER NIGHT AT SYON PARK

An 18th-century décor and a buffet with such recherché items as sturgeon and stuffed quail made a memorable evening for guests at the coming-out dance given by Mr. & Mrs. Miki Sekers for their daughter, Christine, seen with them, right



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Lady Rupert Nevill

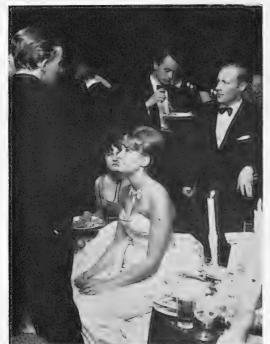




The Duchess of Buccleuch



The Marchioness of Londonderry and friends Mr. Mark Watney & Lady Diana Herbert





Sir David & the Hon. Lady Eccles



Doyen of society photographers, A. V. Swaebe has been taking Tatler pictures for more than 30 years. At 84 he is still taking them, though his children, Betty & Barry (seen with him, right), now shoulder most of the burden. His career began by accident, as recorded below, along with some vintage...



Evidence in camera

was 50 when I first started taking society photographs. That's a little late in life to begin a new career but at the time I had very little choice. Up until then I had been a leading comedian in shows like San Toy, Merry Widow, The Quaker Girl and Rose Marie and I might have stayed one but for an offer from Constance Collier to go to America. I stayed there long enough to get forgotten over here so on the basis of a little freelance experience I took a gamble on photography. My stepbrother fixed me up with a camera and I was in business.

My first pictures appeared in The Tatler in the '20s-they were of children. When people asked me where my studio was I told them "Hyde Park." That's where I met the nannies and their charges. It was quite the best place in which to start for I soon discovered that child-photography needs a lot of patience and that it was far easier to snap them while they were playing naturally in the open. Pretty soon I began to get invited into their homes; of course I knew nobody to begin with, I just leafed through the reference books listing likely people—the Marchioness of Queensberry was the first. The welcome she gave me quickly became a familiar experience as "the funny little photographer" began to get known.

For a long time I stuck to child-photography; some of my best shots were taken while the children were being bathed and quite often the nannies would pop them into the bathtub before their usual time just to help me. My son Barry is following the tradition and his Young Families series is a popular feature of the present-day Tatler.

I was the first of the social press photographers and for half the life of the Tatler I have filled its pages with pictures of parties, children, weddings. Royal events and débutante dances.





Above, a Royal picture—the rather solemn little girl in her pram is Princess Margaret, aged four. At the top, my favourite child study. The two youngsters were Elizabeth and Mark Hicks-Beach. I particularly enjoy the expression of delighted anticipation on the little boy's face."



"My son Barry can photograph children too. This little girl is my own great-grand-daughter Deborah Pollock"

"At the first night of Noël Coward's Blithe Spirit." With the then Lord Louis Mountbatten is Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie) and her son, Ordinary Seaman Sir Robert Peel, who was soon afterwards killed in action. Third man is novelist of the 20's (The Green Hat, Piracy) the late Michael Arlen"



A wartime editor, Mr. R. S. Hooper, once paid me the compliment of saying that my pictures helped keep the magazine alive during those times though I was in fact rather diffident about taking pictures of people enjoying themselves until a friend serving overseas wrote to tell me what a help it was to see them. I can't say I was exactly liked by my fellow photographers in my early days. I heard one of them comment in a bar, "I'll give him six months." That was all of 34 years ago.

Early on I made myself two rules: always to be polite, always to keep my word. The policy paid dividends, especially at the Café de Paris where I had the exclusive entrée for eight years. I'd have been there on the night it was bombed and perhaps been killed but for a last-minute decision to stay on at Queen Charlotte's Ball. Next day I looked at the table which was always reserved for me—it was matchwood.

Being an actor helped of course. At the Café de Paris I would approach a table with the opening gambit: "Do let me photograph you, this is quite the most attractive table here." The phrase at last became so well-known that finally one diner recited it to me before I had the chance to open my mouth. People played games with me too, giving me wrong names when they could, once I was told that Sir Malcolm Sargent was Sir Thomas Beecham. Another time I was told by a man that the lady with him was his wife, the picture appeared in The Tatler when it was speedily made known to me that she wasn't his wife at all—but that's another story.

I can make my own mistakes, too—I still blush to recall the time that I failed to recognize the present Queen and had to ask her who she was. I certainly should have known better since it CONTINUED OVERLEAF





"This picture of King George V riding in Rotten Row gave me great pleasure. The little girl was Anne Stockford who had been injured in a riding accident. She asked me if the King would look at her, so I suggested her nanny took her to a spot the King would pass. He looked at her—and smiled acknowledging her wave"



"Many of my originals went in the blitz, among them the negative of this picture of the late Duke of Kent with the Duchess at their first public engagement after their marriage. Reproduction suffers because it is a copy-print"

"Sir Winston Churchill asked me to take the shot (above; left) as he was leaving the Apollo Theatre though his detective had refused me permission. I found out why next day. Sir Winston had flown to the Casablanca Conference, astutely using my picture, published in the London papers, to mislead the enemy. With the Churchills is Lady Oxford"



"One of my best news pictures—this shot of Gordon Richards after he had been thrown at Sandown won me 2nd prize in the International Competition sponsored by the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the Institute of British Photographers in 1954. It was only by accident that I noticed that the Queen's horse Abergele, with Sir Gordon, had not emerged from the paddock"

"Lord Patrick Beresford heard me make the biggest gaffe of my career. I had photographed him talking to a young lady, then asked her for her name. She replied with a smile, 'The Queen.' I can't think why I didn't recognize her, and I certainly had no intention of breaking my promise not to photograph any of the Royal Family that day"

"I snapped the then Mrs. Charles Sweeny with her daughter Frances near her house in Regent's Park. Frances, now Duchess of Rutland, was nearly two; her mother is now the Duchess of Argyll"



"Queen Mary broke one of her strict rules and signed this photograph for me. It was taken at the Badminton Gymkhana in 1944 when the Queen was staying with the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort"





Evidence in camera continued

was I who photographed her as Princess Elizabeth on her first grown-up night out—at the Bagatelle. Among my Royal pictures I treasure those of the late Queen Mary who once broke one of her rules and signed a photograph for me, later insisting that a particular one of mine she liked should be included in her biography. She helped me too at a wedding where photographs inside were forbidden by arranging for me to take the party outside.

I owe to The Tatler one of my best sets of exclusive pictures. The editor, Mr. Edward Huskinson, had asked me to take some

photographs of Mrs. Simpson. She was giving a party at Bryanston Court for the then Prince of Wales and gave me permission to photograph the décor and table settings. But when I asked her if I might photograph her she replied: "Oh, Mr. Swaebe, I like you very much but you always give me such a big mouth." Finally I got the picture and it duly appeared in The Tatler. And when the abdication news broke I sold it to pretty well every country in the world, not excluding Japan. The Prince of Wales, incidentally, disliked being photographed but I was lucky enough to get

"This was the Queen's first informal visit to a West End restaurant, the Bagatelle. The 19-year-old Princess Elizabeth's hostess, on her left, was the Hon. Mrs. Wills. With them is the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, now Mrs. Rhodes"



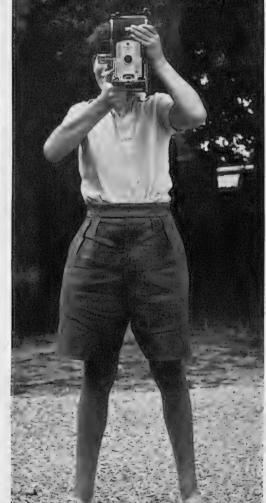
"Here's a bit of history. The time was 1941, the occasion, a farewell party for the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the two great men—Lloyd George and Winston Churchill"



"This is my greatest general, Viscount Montgomery—I call him that because he has won more battles than any other general I've met, including those I fought under in the Boer War. With him is Mr. Lewis Douglas, then U.S. Ambassador"



"Everyone wants to have a go at photographing me, sooner or later. The young cameraman in this case is the Duke of Kent who borrowed the camera from his mother. It was taken at Climping, Sussex, in 1949"



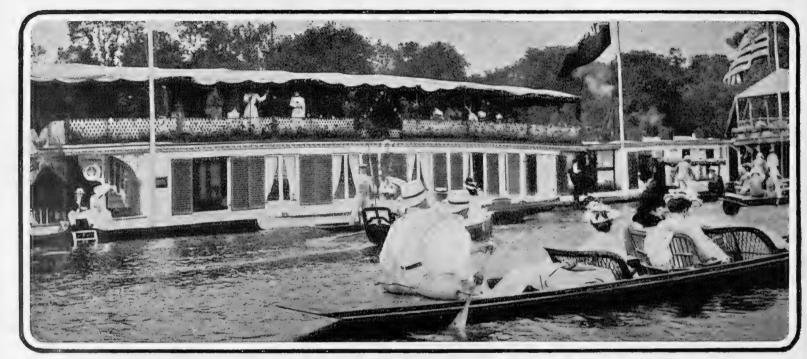
the last picture of him before he became so briefly King. He was leaving a theatre with Mrs. Simpson.

My training as a general news photographer helped me with all my pictures but never more than at Sandown when Sir Gordon Richards's mount fell and rolled on him. Every other cameraman had left but the picture I took was used in The Sketch and The Illustrated London News and took the Encyclopaedia Britannica prize as well. There are few people I have not photographed; from Danny Kaye trying to make Hannen Swaffer laugh, to G.B.S. on his

birthday. And I am still taking pictures—my next assignment is at Gleneagles. But my son Barry now tackles the feature work and the child studies for which we are best known. My daughter Betty has been my first lieutenant for a good many years and is quite indispensable to me.

What do I think of my successors in the field? Well there aren't the same opportunities for social pictures these days. Years ago one could wander anywhere at the race meetings and polo matches to get a subject. Now there are too many restrictions. More's the pity.





It was the first summer of the Edwardians. Queen Victoria had died at Osborne in the January, King Edward and Queen Alexandra had performed the State opening of Parliament in the February, their Coronation was set for June 1902—later postponed to August because of the King's illness. Abroad the vast expansions of the Victorian era were being consolidated and in South Africa the longdrawn-out Boer War was nearing its end. In Europe the Kaiser made speeches and began to build his Grand Fleet, but at home little disturbed the sunlit calm. The Toxophilite Society held their annual Ladies' Day in Regent's Park. At Henley the houseboats made regatta grandstands and at Lord's the grey toppers and the gay dresses paraded during an interval in the Oxford v Cambridge match

SUMMER 1901



Tradition of London success inaugurated by the Bolshoi was triumphantly upheld by the smaller company of Russian dancers from Leningrad. A glittering audience including Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones packed Covent Garden to see Prokofiev's The Stone Flower (ballet sequence overleaf) at the . . .



First night group includes R.O.H. house manager Mr. John Collins, prima ballerina Inna Zubkowskaja, choreographer Konstantin Sergejev (with cake knife), solo dancer Tatjana Basilevskaja & Alexei Jitkov, also a solo dancer

FIRST NIGHT OF THE KIROV



Sir David Webster, director of the Royal Opera House, addresses his guests helped by interpreter Miss Irina Kirillova, on his right. Also in the picture, Miss Helen Konstantinovskaja, another interpreter.

Right: Kostja Vikulov, a solo dancer of the Kirov ballet

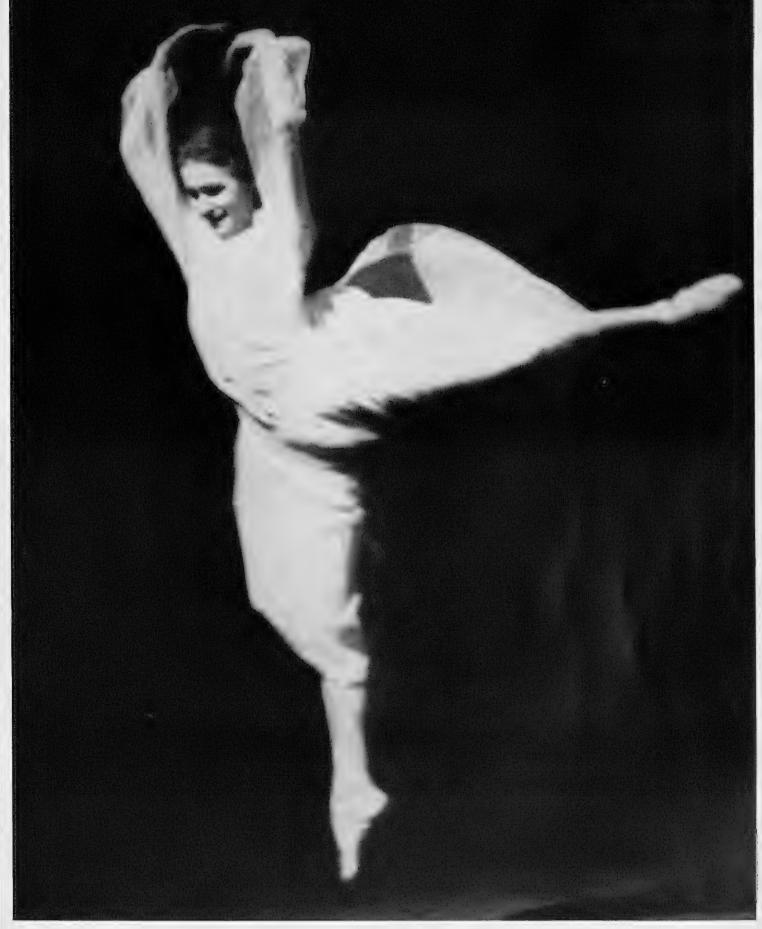






Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones among the guests in the crowded foyer. Above left: Vivien Leigh with Robert Helpmann





FIRST NIGHT OF THE KIROV photographed by Michael Peto

DANCERS from Leningrad's Kirov Theatre made their London début with *The Stone Flower*, Prokofiev's last ballet score. A strictly Soviet production with suitable hammer and sickle symbolism, it tells the story of Danila a young stone cutter (Yuri Solviev, opposite page) and his village sweetheart Katerina (Alla

Sizova, *above*). His quest for perfection in his art takes him to a magical cavern where he learns the secrets of his craft from the Mistress of the Mountain. Eventually Katerina appears to take him away from the benefactress. **Overleaf:** the Mistress of the Mountain (Alla Osipenko) is confronted by Katerina at the climax



FIRST NIGHT OF THE KIROV concluded



Why am on strike!

HAVE made up my mind to go on strike; I will NOT, I've decided, write my page for The Tatler this week. My real reason for this courageous decision (but let this only be whispered) is that I'm simply feeling lazy. The sun is shining brilliantly (where I am, anyway) and I badly want to spend the day doing precisely nothing—except, that is, lying prostrate in the sunshine, an unopened novel beside me, smoking many cigarettes, and going for a few happy pints with a girl-friend this evening.

And why, may I ask you, shouldn't I? It's the done thing to do. Everyone—simply everyone -goes on strike sometime, though obviously in most cases for more cogent reasons. Dockers and factory hands seem almost permanently struck; transport services seem always to be grinding to a standstill; barmen do it and carmen do it. On one happy occasion on the French/Italian frontier, I found that even the customs officers were striking; will smugglers ever again have such a joyous opportunity? On another, in Corsica, the boys and girls at the Lycée struck-for less work, better food, and more sympathetic teachers.

But how about writers? We just go on for ever, chained like slaves to our galleys-dig that double entendre, man-exploited and unappreciated. On the cruel keyboards of a million typewriters, lashed by the thongs of hunger or (as the case may be) of the desire for fame, we wear away the terminal joints of as many fingers as we have learnt to use-in my own case, two. And after all that, many members of the great English public refuse to recognize that we ever work at all. On one recent occasion for example, a fair lady asked me: "Do you have a job? Or are you just a writer?" Yet we never lay down our tools and refuse to string another sentence together until our legitimate demands are met. (Industrial note: a striker's demands, however unjust or indefinite, are always described as "legitimate".)

I can think, at the moment, of only one exception, and that was the shining example set by my friend John Watney, an obvious pioneer, when he was editing The Isis in undergraduate days. Having reached the last week of term, he found he could not face up to writing his regular editorial, which was supposed to occupy, every week, the entire front page of that well-known publication. He must have been in love or something. So he took what at any rate amounted to strike action: instead of composing his piece (800 words), he simply wrote hurran FOR THE HOLS (four words) in letters an inch high all over the front page.

Perhaps I should emulate him. Could HAVING A LOVELY TIME—WISH YOU WERE HERE be stretched to occupy a full page of The Tatler? I doubt it, somehow.

And John, of course, was Editor. He could

do just as he pleased: he could hardly have been expected to sack himself, for instance, or to write angry, self-addressed letters demanding explanations. He had security, lucky fellow, on however short a lease-the perfect, ideal security of a man who, for the time being at least, is his own absolute boss. Nothing like that for me. Kilbracken-poor, persecuted Kilbracken-has only Kilbracken behind him. No union; no shop-stewards; no politicians. I must strike alone.

What, it may be inquired, are my reasons my official reasons, never mind the sunshinefor refusing to work today? Well, naturally, I can adduce all the usual ones. I want a shorter working week, for example: 10 or 11 hours would be about the right figure. And better "conditions"—a nice vague phrase which might mean anything. And more appreciation; nobody, I've decided, really loves me. And as to pay-could this not be promulgated as Kilbracken's benefit year as well as Statham's?

Consider—as we journalists are inclined to say—the facts. I have filled my Tatler page, believe it or not, exactly 73 times to date. In the last 16 months, I have only missed three weeks-and that was when I was literally horizontal under the combined effects of Asian flu and a leg in plaster from a ski-ing accident (This, by the way, turned out to be a ruptured Achilles tendon; after four doctors had failed to diagnose it, a fifth, amazingly, tumbled to what was wrong, 17 weeks or so after the event. So I am still having treatment for it and still possess a fashionable, sympathy-demanding limp.)

This means, inescapably, that I have found 73 different subjects to write about. . . . I have written of bulls, and trees, and ghosts, and the Rommel Treasure; of Ascot, Henley, Epsom, the Boat Race, and the Fourth of June. I have considered lecturing in America, hooleys and coekfighting in Ireland, house guests, cream cheese, passion flowers, Harvard, and the Atlantic Ocean.

I have given my views on such pillars of the establishment as the Stock Exchange, prep schools (which started it all), the Royal Academy, the House of Lords, cricket. I have taken you to Monte Carlo, Kitzbühel, Duluth, Bali, Milan, Moscow, Cortina, New York. I have dissertated on flying, fashions, Christmas shopping, exports, autumn, income-tax, and the perils of Madison Avenue. I've described my feelings on reaching 40. Can you find it surprising that now, at last, I'd like a week off?

So I think that's what I'll do. And yet here we are already, almost at the foot of the page. I suppose, taking everything into account, that I may as well complete it, even if this makes me my own worst blackleg. I'll go on strike tomorrow-or perhaps the day after. If, that is to say, the sun is still shining. . . .

The shrinking wardrobe



Said the Tatler in 1901: "The jersey suits which are ideal for swimming are hardly the thing unless the bathing is of the most private character. By far the most suitable are the loose blouse and knickerbocker suits. A great point is to fit the knickers with a firm band just below the knee." In 1961 half-a-yard of material gets you safely on the beach. The nigger-brown cotton bikini is trimmed with black buttons, the bra padded for a pretty shape. Harvey Nichols' Little Shop, Knightsbridge, $3\frac{1}{2}$ gns. The white fringed straw hat from Harvey Nichols' Galitzine Room, at $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

DRAWINGS BY DUTHY



Says Maureen Williamson: In 1901 fashion was emerging from the drabness enforced by court mourning for Queen Victoria. Society women spent a good part of their day changing for the next part; clothes were opulent and intricate. Today clothes are easier to look good in-and you don't need a lady's maid



A Gown for the Seaside

-1901. "Sober colour-

ing has, of course, been

the rule right up to last

week, but it has taught many women a much-tobe-desired lesson that

colouring clothes is by no means the most becoming or

bright, becoming fondant pink makes a cotton playsuit with flying shirttails, belted in front. 29 gns., from the Galitzine Collection at Harvey Nichols. Pink scarecrow straw hat hugely safetypinned in gilt from Harvey Nichols' Little Shop, at 13 gns., the pin

In 1961

bright

effective."

£1 Is. extra



Coffee Coat-1901. "As these are essentially worn to be seen, and not merely for comfort; they are made of all and every description of lovely and luxuriant fabrics, the one thing essential being lace, for lace seems to be quite ubiquitous."



A Dress for the Moors—"A dark-green and turquoise mixture frieze decoration round the open coat and skirt of heavily stitched strappings over taffetas, small collar of dark green velvet. The waistcoat is of biscuit-coloured piqué with small smoked-pearl buttons and edged with taffetas. A stock is worn with a soft lawn shirt of spotted silk. The hat is of the frieze stitched and turned back with a quill and velvet ribbons."



A Perfect Travelling Trunk—''The ingenious trunk devised and sold by J. Foot & Son, 171 New Bond Street, these delightful contrivances can be had in many different sizes. They will specially appeal to women who have for so long battled with the difficulty of keeping dainty blouses and fragile lace and chiffon in good condition while travelling.''

Right: On the Moors in 1961: tartan culottes with an olive green suède jacket (also available in chocolate), and a chunky Shetland sweater speckled in red and black. From the Scotch House, Knightsbridge. The culottes are 9 gns., and can be ordered in any tartan. Jacket 20 gns., sweater £3 5s.





Right: In 1961 you could go from breakfast coffee to evening cocktails in this three-piece suit. In navy blue tropical worsted shantung, the collarless wide-sleeved jacket is lined with the same yellow and white polka dot silk that makes the blouse. From Harrods, 38 gns.

Below: A Beautiful Goodwood Gown—of white lawn, much tucked and trimmed with lace, silver buttons, and black velvet ribbon. "The gown seen on this page is of such eminent attractiveness and refinement that few women could fail to look their most charming in it. A more ideal frock for Goodwood could not be wished for"

Below Right: Afternoon Gown—of black Chantilly lace and black velvet over black chiffon, under sleeves and collar of lace over white chiffon, vest of white chiffon and lace and black tulle bow, toque of black lace over white chiffon and purple feather









Left: In 1961 you could float through any but the most formal occasion in this black and white printed chiffon dress. Available only at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea, at $23\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

Above: An Evening Gown—of grey chiffon over grey soft silk, with coat and skirt decoration of deep cream Mechlin lace. Ribbons of black velvet. "Many women have been delightfully surprised at the improvement in their appearance this summer," and it has been greatly due to the softening influences of soft black or white dresses or delicate greys, while the wearing of lace much throws out all the best points in the wearer's looks and smoothes down the worst"



ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS



Gift of the year for us-a Tatler Diamond Jubilee goblet, specially designed by the General Trading Co., who can also submit similar rather plain designs, or more elaborate ones. Goblets of all sizes, bowls, decanters and sets of glassware can all be enhancedand personalized-by the engraver's art. Time is needed to execute more intricate commissions and prices start at about 3 gns.



Gift for someone who has everything-a bit of nonsense Collingwood, Conduit Street. Example: these golden slippers, 19th century, prices £7 10s. and £9. They have a variety of ideas to match unusual anniversaries, gold or silver cigarette boxes copied from Georgian snuff boxes with a special stone set in the lid; coins of the significant year set in an ashtray. Any special design for jewellery or silver can be executed



Gift for the discerning-a Regency bracket clock in an ebonized frame inlaid with brass. About £30 from F. B. Royer-Collard, Cromwell Road, the second generation of a family expert in antique horology. Clocks vary in antiquity-mostly English but include a few from France. They specialize in longease, hanging, automata and bracket clocks. Besides selling beautiful timepieces Mr. Royer-Collard can also restore them



Gift to reflect graciously on the giver-a set of valuable prints. An intriguing place to go for these is Heywood Hill in Curzon Street, primarily a bookshop. Prints are downstairs with a special accent on natural history subjects with a fine selection of Dr. Thornton's Temple of Flora prints. This one is Carnations (£80) a fine example of Dr. Thornton's eye for detail. Prints in this series are available from £20. Heywood Hill also have craftsmen who will mount and frame prints for about £4

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Commissioned gifts can be devised to suit personal tastes by some of the finest craftsmen in the country through the Crafts Centre, Hay Hill. Clients study hundreds of photographs to discover work typical of various craftsmen. Once one is decided on, the Crafts Centre can gauge the sort of idea the client has in mind. Designs and estimates are then submitted. The gift could be furniture (from £10 to about £250), traditional or modern silver, bookbinding, calligraphy, engraved glass or embroidery. If the commission is at all complicated the artist can meet the client, by arrangement

VERDICTS



Bye Bye Birdie. Her Majesty's Theatre. (Marty Wilde, Chita Rivera, Peter Marshall, Angela Baddeley.)

Goodbye to all that saccharine

one of them before the curtain rose on Bye Bye Birdie at Her Majesty's that Broadway had received it as a hearty smack on the nation's face. What I settled down to watch struck me as more like a playful caress than a hearty smack. Perhaps it had been softened up for export, but I think this unlikely, for the producer, Mr. Gower Champion, also produced the original show, and I fancy that both he and the author, Mr. Michael Stewart, were irresistibly taken with the cuteness and touchingness of the teenage small town life they were mocking. There is nothing very wrong about that since they manage to get across to us much of the tenderness for the absurdities of youth that they themselves feel. I found the piece vastly more attractive than either *The Sound of Music* or *The Music Man*, but that may be a somewhat idiosyncratic opinion.

My relief that the American musical had apparently checked the recent urge to wallow in saccharine probably had something to do with my enjoyment. The almost unconscious tenderness of author and producer for the victims of their satire is undoubtedly there, but the piece is all the same refreshingly unsentimental and its acidities sometimes strike down to the root of things. If it strikes us as a little bit out of date that is simply because we have ourselves already dealt with the same subject in *Expresso Bongo* rather more savagely and just as effectively.



So how antiracial are you?

Flame In The Streets. Director Roy Baker. (John Mills, Sylvia Syms, Brenda de Banzie, Earl Cameron, Johnny Sekka, Ann Lynn).

Wild In The Country. Director Philip Dunne. (Elvis Presley, Hope Lange, Millie Perkins, Tuesday Weld).

Indiscreet. Director Stanley Donen. (Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Cecil Parker, Phyllis Calvert.)

The Flute & The Arrow. Director Arne Sucksdorff. Documentary.

THE QUESTION POSED BY "FLAME IN THE STREETS" IS NOT A NEW ONE—but it is valid and topical. You, this extremely well-written film suggests—generously giving you the benefit of the doubt—are a civilized and tolerant person: you are prepared to accept the coloured man as your brother—but, all the same, would you willingly accept him as your son-in-law?

Mr. John Mills, as a skilled worker in a London furniture factory, prides himself on his total lack of colour prejudice. He upholds the principle of equal chances for all. A Jamaican, Mr. Earl Cameron, is up for promotion to the position of charge hand. The great majority of the white workers resent this—not, they say, on the grounds of colour, but because the man is a comparative newcomer and white employees of longer standing should be given preference.

Mr. Mills is full of scorn for this hypocritical approach—and at a union meeting (in a genuinely rousing scene) he tears away at his fellow workers until the real, shabby reason for their objection is exposed. He asks if the Jamaican is a union member. Has he paid all his dues and levies? Does he know his job? Is he a good worker? Yes, yes, yes. Then what

The comparatively simple idea this time is that in Sweet Apple, Ohio, the gals regard themselves as women as soon as they have struggled painfully out of their 14th year. They at once look round for a teenage boy whom they can feel they own in the world of reality. But while they are training him up into the man they want him to be they continue with all their contemporaries in hopeless adoration of the rock 'n' roll star of the day.

Conrad Birdie has been inconsiderately called up for military service and his agent's last use of him is to get him to kiss one of his girl fans a last farewell. Sweet Apple is the small town chosen for this spectacular stunt. We are shown not only the effect on the girls but also the effect on the parents. They naturally resent the conspiracy among their children to write them off as back numbers, but all resentment disappears as soon as it becomes known that the family of the girl selected to receive the farewell kiss will figure in a world-wide famous television programme. The point is amusingly made that the parents have been forced to imitate their children so slavishly that there is not much to choose between the young and old in the matter of moronic nonsensicality.

The satire is put across with terrific verve. Scenery and players are in constant motion, and the music is as sprightly as the rising and falling scenery is active. The lyrics are catchily written and attractively sung; and at least one of the characters, the oppressive American Mom flourishing on emotional blackmail of her son, broadly yet brilliantly played by Miss Angela Baddeley, has some lines of authentic wit.

The evening's bright particular star is Miss Chita Rivera. Her remarkable talents seem to me to be shockingly wasted, but they assert themselves memorably in a couple of ballets. In one she shows in how many different ways she would like to kill the lover who cannot break away from his mother's apron-strings; in the other she "stops the show" by wrecking a brotherhood gathering of gentlemen in fezes with a wildly comic Bacchantic dance. Mr. Marty Wilde plays the pop singer with beautiful discretion, suggesting that while the character is completely without any sort of talent the actor has a great deal. And Miss Sylvia Tysick gives a lively and endearing performance as the teenage girl who, chosen as the rock 'n' roller's stooge, proves that in womanly guile she is more than a match for him.

can his white colleagues possibly have against the man—unless it is the colour of his skin?

Shamefacedly the meeting concedes to Mr. Mills's argument—there are, after all, few people who will openly admit that they are in favour of racial discrimination. Mr. Mills glows with satisfaction—but his smile fades when, immediately after the meeting, his wife, Miss Brenda de Banzie, tells him that their daughter, Miss Sylvia Syms, intends to marry a Jamaican, Mr. Johnny Sekka, whom she has met at the school where she teaches.

Miss de Banzie cares nothing for Mr. Mills's cherished principles—she is simply a mother, frantic at the thought that her daughter, the apple of her eye, is to become an outcast, condemned to live among coloured people in the squalid tenements where alone they can find houseroom. It is the same thought that prompts Mr. Mills's attempt to prevent the marriage—or so he tells himself, until an encounter with Mr. Sekka makes it uncomfortably clear to him that he, too, must admit to prejudice.

He is honest enough to do so—and decent enough to make up his mind that he will have to overcome it, somehow. Mr. Ted Willis, on whose play *Hot Summer Night* the film is based, does not solve Mr. Mills's problem for him; he leaves *you* to find the solution—and if you are the tolerant person he pre-supposes, you will.

A switch from the summertime setting of the play to a winter one has enabled Mr. Roy Baker, the producer and director, to heighten the drama of the piece effectively. It is Guy Fawkes night. Leather-jacketed Teddy boys prowl the grim streets of a working-class quarter, spoiling for mischief. Hefty coloured men warily prepare to defend themselves—but make no move to protect their rich negro landlord when the Teddies mob his car. A mixed crowd looks on (with mixed feelings), while a black-faced, life-sized guy is burnt on a bonfire which seems to blaze

with a peculiarly jubilant ferocity. Say—how far are we from Little Rock?

In Wild In The Country we are asked to believe that Mr. Elvis Presley is a natural-born writer who, given a little encouragement, could produce the Great American Novel of our times. With the best will in the world, I find this quite beyond me: I look at that face of his and I cannot believe he could write so much as a postcard.

Mr. Presley is cast as a wild sort of boy, who has been remanded in the care of a young lady psychiatrist, Miss Hope Lange, after standing trial for the murder or manslaughter of his brother. It is Miss Lange, discerning girl, who spots Mr. Presley's latent genius. She urges him to write in his spare time—and promises to get his work published. "For other people to read?" asks Mr. Presley, looking appalled—and from the specimen essay that is solemnly read out, you can see why he'd prefer to keep the whole thing dark.

He doesn't have much spare time, anyway—he is too busy with his girl friends. There is Miss Millie Perkins, a simple country girl whose ear he nibbles cosily while flying kites—and there is Miss Tuesday Weld, an oversexed little siren in well-off-the-shoulder sweaters, with whom he romps in the bathroom and gets roaring drunk. And finally, there's Miss Lange herself—whom he comes to regard as the love of his life. Miss Lange kindly explains to him that it is quite normal for a patient to conceive a passion for his psychiatrist and that it doesn't really mean anything. It means enough to her, all the same, for her to attempt suicide on Mr. Presley's account.

The dialogue in this silly film is as pretentious as Mr. Clifford Odets can make it when he tries. Boy, he certainly is trying here.

Mr. Stanley Donen's sophisticated comedy, Indiscreet, starring Mr. Cary Grant and charming Miss Ingrid Bergman as a blithe pair of illicit lovers, comes up as fresh as paint on revival. Indeed, I found it even more agreeable on a second viewing than I did when last I saw it—possibly because there has been so much trash shown in the interim.

Hr. Arne Sucksdorff's highly coloured, alleged documentary about life among the Muria Tribe in India, **The Flute And The Arrow**, has a curiously phoney quality. It is not a patch on his beautiful film, *The Great Adventure*—which was shot in his native Sweden. Herr Sucksdorff belongs to the northern hemisphere—and to my mind should stay there.



L'Enfance du Christ, by Berlioz L'Elisir d'Amore, Don Pasquale, and Il Campanello, by Donizetti

Have yourself a home festival

I AM NOT MUCH OF A ONE FOR MUSICAL FESTIVALS AT ANY TIME—AT least not in my own country, where the climate and licensing hours of the towns where they are held are as likely as not to be worse than they are in the part of England I live in already. The only excuse for a festival has always seemed to me to be that it should be as different and as far away from one's ordinary life as possible. Otherwise it is better to stay at home and use the modern gramophone catalogue instead, to keep one-up on the cultural Joneses.

Just now the gramophone is being particularly helpful—to those who have been to festivals and want to hear some of the music again, and to those who haven't and would like to know what went on. At Bath, for instance. The high spot of Yehudi Menuhin's festival there in June seems to have been the performance of Berlioz's "sacred trilogy" L'Enfance du Christ, conducted by Colin Davis. That event has been more or less duplicated in the new Oiseau-Lyre recording of the work (mono: OL 50201-2; stereo: SOL 60032-3), with the same conductor and three of the four principals who sang at Bath. L'Enfance du Christ is an astonishing work, written by a man who was as near as makes no odds an atheist, and which could not be less like the popular conception of "religious" music. Berlioz tells a simple and touching story with that inspired, unsentimental simplicity you find otherwise only in Mozart.

There is charm, tenderness, excitement and drama in it; and what I think must be some of the most sheerly beautiful passages of music one is ever likely to hear. If you have stereo, all the better; in that way you can hear some of Berlioz's happiest effects in the perspective he aimed at when he placed his enchanting chorus of angels off-stage. Some of the singing of the French text by the English soloists is a bit rough in this recording, but so long as Decca (who issue the Oiseau-Lyre label) will persevere with more and more Berlioz the words can be rhyming slang for all I care.

If you didn't see Donizetti's L'Elisir d'Amore at Glyndebourne this year, or if you did and would like to hear it again undisturbed by Signor Zeffirelli's rather fidgety production, this gay and tuneful comic opera has just been added to Cetra's cheap reprint series, "Opera Club" (OLPC 1235—three records). This is not the 1961 Glyndebourne cast, of course, but the quack Dr. Dulcamara is sung by Sesto Bruscantini who has been a fixture and fitting of Mr. Christie's opera house since he first arrived there 10 years ago. And so, for five years, was Alda Noni, who sings Adina in this recording. The thing that strikes me as odd is how long it took Glyndebourne to get around to staging this delicious piece, when all the time they had ready-made casts on their books. As it is, this year's production there must be the first in England not to be given by a troupe of wandering minstrels since Caruso's day or longer.

Donizetti's other entrancing comedy, **Don Pasquale**, is also now in the "Opera Club" series (OLPC 1242—two records), again with Alda Noni and Bruscantini; also Mario Borriello, another familiar name at Glyndebourne. The one singer who doesn't seem to have been there is Cesare Valletti, the tenor, who has all the lyrical jam in the recordings of both these Donizetti comedies and sings most beautifully.

The rediscovery of Donizetti in recent times has been most satisfying, and we've now reached the stage where, after half-a-century when our knowledge of his music was limited to the Sextet from *Lucia* in a Disney Silly Symphony, there are now more of his comic operas available on records than there are of his serious romantic pieces. One of the most entertaining of Donizetti's lesser-known comedies is the little one act farce II Campanello (LPC 50027—one record). This high spirited bit of nonsense was written by the composer to save an impresario friend from bankruptcy. Its plot is unmistakably "from the French"; it concerns the repeated disturbance on his wedding night of an elderly apothecary (Bruscantini again) whose night bell is contantly being rung by his bride's disappointed suitor. The suitor appears disguised as a Frenchman, an opera singer and an old man—three characters which give Donizetti an admirable opportunity to indulge in his happy and unexpected gift of musical parody and write some really funny music.



Darkness in Murdoch-land

A Severed Head, by Iris Murdoch. (Chatto & Windus, 18s.)

Through Fields Of Clover, by Peter de Vries. (Gollancz, 16s.)

A Book Of English Lyrics, by C. Day Lewis. (Chatto & Windus, 15s.)

Man With A Tin Trumpet, by Frederic Mullally. (Barker, 15s.)

Trip In A Balloon, by Albert Lamorisse. (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

MISS IRIS MURDOCH MAKES A SOUND WHICH IS IRRESISTIBLE TO EVERY-one, including many fans in Russia, except—and I am getting to feel lonely and faintly desperate about it—me. It is unnerving to find one is almost totally deaf to writing which is universally described as brilliant, powerfully intelligent, ironic, mystic and—here's where I abandon the fight—funny. I read on and on (there being no one like Miss Murdoch for sheer catchy readability), fogged by the symbols, missing the meaning which I guiltily suspect must be there, gloomily convinced that the author and the people she writes about must inhabit some mysterious world altogether different from mine.

The new book is a ring-of-roses of love and pseudo-love played out among a group of immensely self-conscious and unlikeable London Harlequin on Horseback, a Soho Gallery colour print of Picasso's painting of 1904, is one of the exhibits in a show devoted to reproductions of the painter's work at the Colour Print Gallery, Motcomb St., S.W.1. It goes on to 13 July, and is the first of a series of monthly exhibitions of high-quality prints from a world-wide range of sources. This example measures 40×28 ins., and costs £2 7s.

people including a wine-merchant with a nervous itch for whisky, milk and biscuits in moments of stress, his mistress, his awful older wife, an American analyst and his Jewish half-sister, a very fierce lady with black hairs on her upper lip. This formidable character hacks the narrator on the shins, understandably enough, when he knocks her down in a cellar in an access of drunken passion, and she slices a couple of table napkins in two with a Samurai sword. The hero (so to speak) is also the narrator and a thoroughly odious fellow who thinks he ought to have been a don and gives his mistress Italian prints. French paperweights, peacock-blue stockings, "barbarous neeklaces and velvet pants and purple underwear and black openwork tights," by golly. I think-I am almost sure—that Miss Murdoch finds him odious too, and possibly she is being murderously ironic about the whole boiling lot of them, but not only am I not at all clear about her point of view, but I find it almost impossible to believe in or to care about any of the characters. "A profoundly comic writer," says the jacket; ". . . as exciting as Treasure Island or Adolph." That's just what I mean—first you think you're being offered a little tale about tangled people swopping each other around, then someone comes and astonishingly drags Long John Silver across the trail. Will no one tell me what she sings?

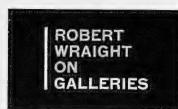
"Her stocking feet nuzzled one another like a pair of horrid little beasts." "He genially regarded a button at the touch of which a crisp old lady could be made to pop like toast from a doorway." There is no mistaking Mr. Peter de Vries, whose crooked comedy seems to me to get progressively more desperate and whose purpose seems to be, besides investigating the awful condition of modern love and marriage, to move wild laughter in the throat of death. I am alarmed by Through Fields of Clover, which is about a great family reunion to celebrate a wedding anniversary and makes to me a sort of strangled help-noise. I laughed like anything while shaking with fear. Most of the characters in the book appear to be in various acute stages of shook-upness and appalling doubt, and the weirdest, though not the least likeable, is a child who speaks almost exclusively in the purplest Elizabethan blank verse. I have no idea any longer whether Mr. de Vries is writing novels or some quite other form of diabolical entertainment, but this is a doubt which comes my way at least twice a week and leads to that dispiriting argument about Whither the Novel.

Briefly... A Book of English Lyrics is an adorable anthology edited by C. Day Lewis, with a super section called "Story Lyrics" mostly written by clever old Anon, and an edgy little poem by Sir Charles Sedley I've never seen anywhere else and is worth the money on its own.... Man with a Tin Trumpet is a fearsome tale of the P.R. business,



garnished with great walloping dollops of sex in the manner of those colour photographs in cookery books of the sort of riotously iced cake you can never imagine anyone actually cooking. The hero has a fearful time, what with his business, his flagging integrity, and the demands made upon him by what Mr. Griffith-Jones unforgettably referred to in the Chatterley case as "bouts." The author is Mr. Frederic Mullally, who used to be a serious journalist and may well be pulling one's leg. The cover shows a starkers lady clutching her own shoulders with an eek-expression of uncontrollable anguish, and well it might. . . . And Trip in a Balloon by Albert Lamorisse is a dear little euphoric story, with photographs taken while the film was being made, of how Pascal went up in a balloon with his grandfather the inventor (who wears a beard and a cap with ear-flaps and chin-elastic) and finds himself in sole charge. A nice soothing brief fantasy for a hot afternoon.





Daumier paintings & drawings, Tate Gallery.

Albert de Belleroche paintings, Upper Grosvenor Galleries.

Daumier & the dialecticians

IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE THAT I SAW THE DAUMIER AND DE BELLEROCHE exhibitions on the same day but, had I been searching for two examples to illustrate some crackpot theory that hardship is conducive and wealth inimical to great art, I need have looked no further. In fact I hold no such theory but I still found the contrast between the lives of these two men fascinating. De Belleroche, the talented dilettante, is publicized now as "a rich man who never sold his paintings during his lifetime (we will not ask how he *could* have sold them at any other time), but worked only for his own pleasure." Daumier, on the other hand, drudged (so we are told) all his life at lithography to make a living as a cartoonist while desperately, but vainly, longing for the day when he could live by his painting.

De Belleroche—an Englishman, in spite of the name—painted pleasant pictures strongly influenced in turn by half-a-dozen of his great contemporaries, including Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec who were his friends. He, too, practised lithography. But unlike Daumier, whose biting political and social satire in this medium once landed him in prison for six months, de Belleroche's work on the stone was largely confined to portraits of beautiful women and children.

Daumier's lithographs—more than 4,000 were published in the press of his day—have been deliberately omitted from the excellent Arts Council show at the Tate so that we may see more easily his stature as a painter. This should not be taken to imply that they are a less vital part of his *oeuvre*. Despite a reference in the catalogue to Daumier being "imprisoned by the demands of weekly journalism" the exhibition is not intended to encourage the romantic idea that independence of the necessity to make a living would have made him a greater painter. (Who knows? It might have made him another de Belleroche.) Yet John Berger, writing recently in *The Observer*, apparently felt it necessary to bring up the big guns of dialectical materialism to show that "Daumier could not have been the timeless painter that he is, had he not also been the weekly cartoonist."

Sickert made a similar observation without the aid of Marxism, 36 years ago. The only difference was that though he knew Daumier to be a great artist he objected to his being called a great painter. He objected in the first place to the implication that an artist who uses a brush is ipso facto better than one who uses lithographic chalk, and in the second place because he believed Daumier's paintings were "drawings in brown oil-paint." He analysed these "drawings in brown paint" shrewdly, if not entirely accurately, pointing out that the designs are not conceived as colour and that his grasp of technique was so limited that he could not bring them to the "point of finish." Now ideas about "finish" are so different that lack of it in Daumier is seen as a virtue.

But what about his shortage of colour in these days when colour is paramount? This again, but for a different reason, does not worry us. His use of colour is tentative and exceedingly limited and yet we are not moved, in front of any one of his pictures, to say "If only it were more colourful!" We say instead, "What could colour possibly add?"

It is clear from this exhibition that Daumier did learn to conceive hidesigns in terms of his own limited range of colour. The little touches of red and patches of blue in such emotive paintings as *The third class carriage*, *Don Quixote reading* and *Don Quixote in the mountains* are exactly right—for Honoré Daumier.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Looking at icons

Albert Adair



AMONG LESSER-KNOWN OBJECTS OF INTEREST TO COLLECTORS ARE ICONS some were shown earlier this year at an exhibition at the Temple Gallery just off Sloane Street. Icons arose with the need to embellish the first Christian churches. The form originated from the Byzantine tradition in Greece and Yugoslavia so that when Russia adopted the Orthodox Church at the end of the 10th century she also adopted an established at form.

Icons had the great advantage of being movable; they were a powerful means of conversion; illiterate and suspicious people were deeply movel by the immediate appeal of their beauty.

In Russian icon painting there are three schools, Novgorod, Moscow and the Strogonov. The school of Novgorod flourished from the 12th century until Ivan the Terrible centralized the government at Moscow. This attracted many of the Novgorodian painters and the Moscow school grew from their association with the Muscovite painters who trained and worked in the school of the "Terrible" at the Oranjiena Palace.

In the great fire of 1547 many of Moscow's churches were destroyed and Italian artists were commissioned for their restoration. The considerable influence of the Renaissance on religious painting (including the Sienese painters as well as Perugino and Raphael) became a serious threat to the tradition of icon painting, and in an attempt to counter this the Strogonovs, a rich burgher family, commissioned some of the more orthodox painters such as Procopius Chirin and the Savins to decorate the many churches that they had founded. The influence of the Strogonov school persisted well into the reign of Peter the Great but the tide of cosmopolitanism, which swept eastwards, eventually saw the end of the greatest period of Russian icon painting and the purity of style, for which this period of Russian art is so famous, was never surpassed.

The illustration shows Saint Karalampi and Saint Modest, a Russian icon of about 1600. The two saints are represented against a curious ground in two tones of dark green against which shines the luminous quality of the light-coloured vestments. The profound aesthetic and religious insight of the painter is seen in the extreme sensitivity of the delicate colour relationships, the movement of the minutely painted floral designs, and the humble and submissive attitudes of the saints.

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A bouquet of rose-tinged lipstick.

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Rose-blown hair—fizzy blonde hair fastened with a rose by Gianni at L'Elonge.

Elizabeth Williamson

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DINING IN

Tribute to Tetrazzini

Helen Burke

A FEW WEEKS AGO A READER ASKED ME FOR THE RECIPE OF A "Tetrazzini" dish (named after the Italian prima donna), whose contents, as far as she could remember, were shrimps, pieces of chicken, mushrooms and thick macaroni, served with a cream sauce with grated Parmesan sprinkled over it. I searched my many reference books for such a Tetrazzini dish, but in vain. Finally I telephoned to my good friend, Cavaliere Bartolomeo Calderoni, maître chef of the May Fair, and asked him if he knew of any Tetrazzini chicken dish. To my joy—and a little chagrin—he told me that POULET TETRAZZINI was his own creation, of which my reader's recipe was a garbled version.

Here is the original dish, together with some suggestions for simplifying it. For 4 people, start with the $supr\acute{e}mes$ (breasts) of a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. roasting chicken. I would suggest a capon. Poach them in a richly flavoured chicken stock. With the bones, giblets, skinned feet and neck, there should be no difficulty in making this.

Have ready 8 oz. of the thinnest of freshly made noodles, very lightly boiled, drained and turned in a little butter. Place a portion of them in each of four individual serving dishes. Top with a portion of the chicken breasts, cut into suitable pieces, and spoon over them ½ pint in all of Bêchamel and Hollandaise sauce, mixed with a tablespoon of double cream. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan and slip under the grill to colour a little.

There is little to that dish except the Hollandaise sauce. This calls for one's undivided attention. It would have to be made before the chicken *suprêmes* were ready and kept lukewarm in its pan standing in tepid water. The Bêchamel sauce, too, would have to be kept fairly

warm. Two sauces to be served as one are, perhaps, a little much for the home cook, so I suggest instead a good but fairly thin Bêchamel sauce, finished off with an egg yolk and 2 tablespoons of double cream.

Fresh noodles may present another difficulty, but thin dried ones can be used instead. Or in place of noodles make *risotto Milanaise*. Use one of the large-grain Italian rices for this.

SALMON TROUT are fairly plentiful just now. To cook one for 6 servings, have an ounce or so of butter in the body cavity of a fish weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lb. Well oil all over a strong sheet of aluminium foil with any edible oil. Put it on a baking sheet and place the fish on it. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste, a gill of Chablis and a teaspoon of tarragon vinegar. Top with little bits of butter. Carefully seal the fish in the foil, double turning the edges so that it is entirely enclosed.

Bake for 10 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 6) then lower the heat to 300 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 2 and leave for another 40 minutes, when the fish should be perfectly cooked. It will do no harm to turn off the oven heat while preparing the sauce. Here it is: Make a hole in one corner of the trout's aluminium foil "wrap" and pour out the delicious stock. (There should be about a breakfastcupful.) Strain it into a level teaspoon of cornflour blended with a tablespoon of cold water. Stir over a medium heat to cook the cornflour thoroughly. Meanwhile, place the trout on a long platter. Make a slanting cut through the skin at the tail end and run the tip of a sharp knife down the backbone and again along the belly edge. Then simply lift off the skin from tail to head. Repeat on the other side. Stir the fairly warm, slightly thickened sauce into a beaten egg. Return to the saucepan and stir over a low heat. Add a tablespoon of cream and a walnut of butter, divided into several pieces. Pour half this sauce over the salmon trout.

Have ready 1 to 2 oz. sliced small white mushrooms, cooked for a minute in a tablespoon of the fish stock in a tightly covered pan. Add to them 1 to 2 oz. of peeled cooked prawns and heat through. Pour this into the remainder of the sauce and spoon it around the fish in its dish. Serve with tiny English new potatoes, boiled and turned in butter.

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New latitudes in formal wear

David Morton

THERE IS MORE TO DO OF AN EVENING THAN IS SUGGESTED BY A QUICK glance down the entertainment column of an evening newspaper. I am never able to look at such lists without immediately losing interest in anything but bacon and eggs and an evening spent with a bottle of wine and a new novel. One way to distinguish an evening is by dressing in anticipation of its pleasure, and the changes in evening dress since the war are entirely to my taste. They are not fundamental, but they seem to be in the interests of comfort. The soft shirt worn with the dinner jacket allows formality without stiffness, and the cummerbund is less restrictive than the black waistcoat. At the same time, I am glad that no overwhelming change has overtaken the tailcoat. This seems to me a formal excellence that would not easily be improved. But the dinner suit has become a formal adaptation of the lounge suit; just as comfortable, but in its use of black and white accepting that any other colour can detract from women's evening clothes. With the current high regard for lightweight suits, it is not surprising that light fabrics have entered the field with success. Silks and mohairs are favoured, also tropical weight baratheas. Robert Valentine in Savile Row recently made a silk dinner suit weighing only 21 lb. Airey & Wheeler in Piccadilly are expert in producing tropical weight clothes of any sort, and their white Terylene and worsted tuxedo couldn't be more comfortable on a summer night. It's washable, and costs 12 guineas. In the same shop you can find a voile dress shirt for £2 12s. 6d. While on the subject of light coloured dinner jackets, readers may remember that Mr. Whitley of Benson, Perry & Whitley is sponsoring a pale sea grey for evening wear.

There is not, even now, a lot of latitude in the styling of dinner suits. Trousers are definitely narrower in keeping with the current line; more

single than double breasted jackets are being ordered. Moss Bros. offer both, with a choice of step or shawl collar—the suit costs £31 15s. whichever is chosen. At this point I come out firmly for step collars because there is no buttonhole on a shawl collar. Styling latitude is available in the binding of lapels with braid, or the facing of lapels with, for instance, satin. A single-breasted dinner suit by Brioni at Woollands has satin facings to both collar and cuffs as well as a dull green silk lining-45 gns. At the same store you can find an Italian cotton shirt with extremely fine tucks— $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns. If you aren't going to wear a waistcoat—and few men do today—a cummerbund gives a neat effect. There is one on the market with a Velcro burr-type fastening that is effective and comfortable. I have seen dark blue, maroon and bottle green cummerbunds, which might well be made to match the jacket lining, but ties should be black and narrow. Plain black, too. Tucking the ends under the collar points looks quaint on anyone but Prince Rainier and the Prime Minister.

There is little to report about dress suits. Whether or not they hang in the wardrobe depends on a man's expectations of his social life. If the man decides to buy a dress suit, his tailor benefits—and he looks splendid. What room there is for latitude in design is a matter for his conscience. Even if he does want people to realize the suit was made and not hired, the most he can do is choose a lightweight material and perhaps a facing of moire silk or velvet on the lapels. A dress suit costs £34 10s. from Moss Bros.—very much less to hire. The full Fred Astaire kit can be acquired with the help of the following firms: silk hat £7 19s. 6d. from Walter Barnard, Jermyn Street. Gold-capped evening cane £12 17s. 6d. from Swaine Adency Brigg & Sons, Piccadilly. An opera cloak of black antelope, with fastening chain and royal blue shantung lining, is at Harrods Younger Man's Shop for £40.

Finally, buttonholes. Recently I bewailed the fact that I couldn't locate a florist who would deliver just a single flower daily. This serving now operates. Paris & Lambert (Tel.: MACaulay 8860) will deliver a fresh carnation or rose daily within the West End area. You could have a flower to your buttonhole each night of the week for £1.

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MOTORING

Boom for the fire-engines

Gordon Wilkins

WHY DO PEOPLE COLLECT VETERAN CARS? FOR SOME IT IS A LINK WITH the days of their own youth and an excuse to meet like-minded contemporaries at rallies and social events. For others it is an escape from the age of mass production, back to the days when cars were built individually at an unhurried pace by skilled craftsmen. And anyway a ride in one is quite an experience. Their shining brass, their gleaming copper and their glossy paint and varnish are a delight to the eye and their panting, temperamental engines only yield their best to a skilled and sympathetic driver. Their high seats bring into view things you never see from our ground-hugging modern cars, and the gentle tempo of travel allows plenty of time to enjoy the scenery. The fact that they may at any moment develop some dire mechanical ailment only adds to the sense of accomplishment when the journey is completed, and to battle down to Brighton on a wet November Sunday is the supreme objective of the dedicated veteran car man.

Yet as a schoolboy I found that building a model railway was far more interesting than operating it afterwards and I am not at all interested in paying a fancy price for a fully restored veteran when the greatest pleasure lies in stripping and rebuilding one, searching for the drawings and photographs and the authentic bits needed to restore it to its original condition.

This I am sure is why some of the well-known collectors like Peter Hampton occasionally sell a car which no longer seems very interesting and start again on the absorbing task of restoring a neglected relic. Unfortunately the hunt has now been on for so long that the chances of finding a forgotten veteran lying in a corner of a barn, or standing in a field with a tree growing though it, are slim indeed. Yet for those with local knowledge and the right contacts it can still happen. Only last December I stopped at a garage at Nogent sur Scine, not far from Paris, and there was a perfect 1904 Delaunay Belleville which had just been bought from the owner of a nearby country house. Lying on the seat were the driver's long dust coat, his gauntlets and his peaked cap with the automobile club badge, just as he might have dropped them there after a run half-a-century ago.

Competition from wealthy collectors, particularly Americans, has driven the prices of veterans in really good condition extremely high. France has imposed a ban on export and in this country it is usual to demand from the buyer a covenant that he will not export. We have already lost some of our finest old cars to the United States and in veteran and vintage circles it has caused a good deal of bitterness.

At the recent auction sale of veteran and vintage cars at the Montagu Museum at Beaulieu, bidding for the oldest car, a 1901 de Dion, quickly went up to £1,350, but it was withdrawn as the reserve was said to be something over £1,600. The highest price was made by a beautiful 1912 Alfonso XIII Hispano-Suiza two-seater which Lord Montagu bought for the museum at £1,375. A few moments later he refused an offer of £2,000 for it from an American woman tourist. It is one of the first true sports cars ever built and probably not more than 10 survive today. This one, which had been sent over from Eire for the sale, still has the notch cut in its steering wheel by the bullet which killed its then owner, a Mr. Jackson, during the Troubles in Dublin.

I was severely tempted by a 1912 brass-radiator Model T Ford which went for £340. According to Michael Sedgwick, curator of the museum, these are so highly prized in the United States that one can now buy conversion kits consisting of brass radiators and other appropriate parts to fit on later models. Some of the cars of the '20s are also highly valued. A splendid 1924 long-chassis 3-litre Bentley coupé de ville by Gurney Nutting went up to £750 but was withdrawn as the owner wanted more than £1,000 for it. There were, however, several opportunities to acquire Rolls-Royces at modest prices; from a 1924 Silver Ghost sedanca



A de Dion of 1901, in perfect condition, oldest car in the auction



One of the first real sports cars. Hispano-Suiza of 1912



Brass radiator 1912 Ford Model T, a choice collector's piece

de ville in need of renovation, carrying a reserve of £150, to a most elegant blue sedanca 20/25 of 1930 which did not quite make the requisite £270. The sale has now become an annual affair which the auctioneers, David & John Wicken, regard as a light relief from their normal business of handling millions of pounds worth of more modern used vehicles at their 12 weekly Southern Counties car auctions.





Smith—Jessel: Janet Callicpe, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Smith, of Bidborough, Kent, was married to the Hon. Timothy Edward Jessel, son of Lord Jessel, of Sussex Square, W.1, and of Lady Helen Walsh, of Frampton, Dorset, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

WEDDINGS

Jolly—Fellowes: Sarah, daughter of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. A. Jolly, of Abbots Lodge, Goring Heath, Oxfordshire, was married to Capt. Edmund Francis Dorset Fellowes, son of Capt. T. B. Fellowes, R.N. (retd.), & Mrs. Fellowes, of Hockworthy, Devon, at Verden Cathedral, North Germany

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. J. L. M. Graham and Miss V. M. Croft

The engagement is announced between James, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Graham, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, and Valerie, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Croft, of Meriden, Warwickshire.

Mr. J. D. D. McDonald and Miss J. L. Tidd

The engagement is announced between James Duncan David, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McDonald, of Cannon Lane, Pinner, Middlesex, and Janice Louise, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Tidd, of Little Turret, Wood Lane, Iver Heath, Buckinghamshire, and 48 Princes Gate Mews, S.W.7.

Lieutenant C. J. F. Wilson, R.N., and Miss H. J. Brown

The engagement is announced between Christopher John Francis, son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Wilson, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Wilson, of Brentwood, and Helen Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Brown, of Holmer House, Llandenny, Usk, Monmouthshire.

Mr. M. A. Higham and Miss A. J. Wilkins

The engagement is announced between Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alec E. Higham, of The Grange, Great Harwood, Lancashire, and Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilkins, of Lea, Preston, Lancashire.

Mr. N. E. C. de Watteville and Miss L. C. F. Martin

The engagement is announced between Nicolas Everard Calthrop, son of Colonel H. G. de Watteville and the late Mrs. de Watteville, of The Boltons, London, and Louise Constance Fisher, youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. F. Martin and Mrs. Martin, of 2 Lennox Street, Edinburgh.

Mr. W. P. Gowers and Miss C. M. Maurice

The engagement is announced between William Patrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gowers, of Orchard House, Aston Tirrold, Berkshire, and Caroline Molesworth, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Timothy Maurice, of 10 Kingsbury Street, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

Major I. D. Cameron and Miss M. A. Young

The engagement is announced between Major Ian Donald Cameron, Queen's Own Highlanders (Seaforth and Cameron), son of Dr. and Mrs. D. I. Cameron, of Hill House, Penton-Mewsey, Hampshire, and Merrilie Alison, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Maris Young, of Government House, Upton-by-Chester, and Priors Lea, Godalming.

Mr. P. B. Webb and Miss C. S. Marley

The engagement is announced between Brian, son of Canon and Mrs. A. H. Webb, of The Rectory, Henley-in-Arden, and Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Marley, of Merrifield, Crowborough, Sussex.

Mr. T. H. Brown and Miss C. M. Berry

The engagement is announced between Thomas Hunter, son of Mrs. D. S. Brown, of Weaverholt, Bradford-on-Avon, and the late Mr. F. D. Brown, of Marham Hall, Norfolk, and Christine Margaret, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Berry, of Ingleside, Holt, Wiltshire.

Mr. C. D. G. Roberts and Miss H. E. J. Ridley

The engagement is announced between Clive David Gordon, twin son of Mr. G. H. C. Roberts, T.D., of Wayfaring, Broadstairs, Kent, and Heather Elizabeth Josephine, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. W. F. Ridley, of 9A Church Square, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

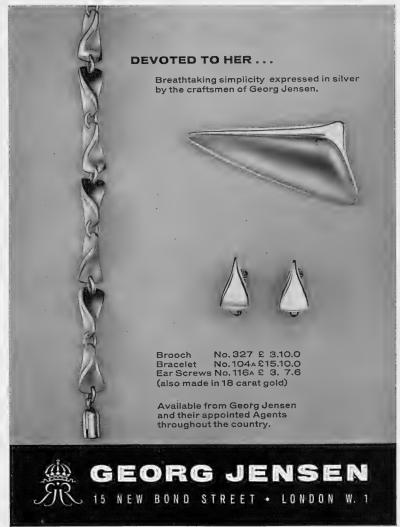
Mr. J. R. F. Adams and Miss L. J. S. May

The marriage arranged between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Adams, of Brown House, Worplesdon, Surrey, and Lynda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William May, of The Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hampshire, will take place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1, on 14 July.

Mr. J. H. A. Brown and Miss E. R. Greaves

The engagement is announced between Jonathan Hubert Antrobus, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Alan Brown, of The Wood, Alsager, Cheshire, and Enid Rosamond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril P. Greaves, of Ashley Heath, near Market Drayton, Shropshire.





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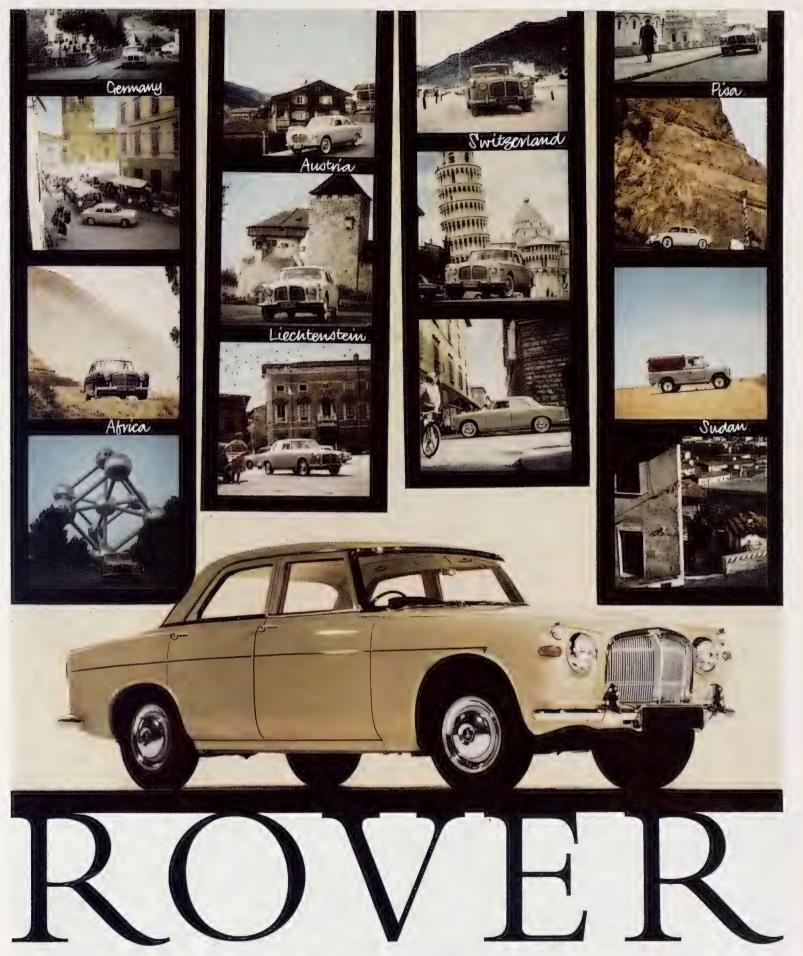
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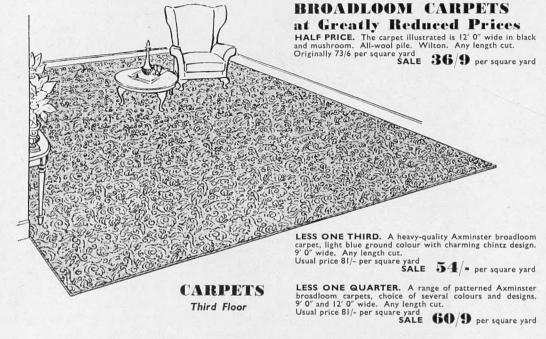
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Usual price 77/- per square yard SALE \$\frac{1}{2} \rightarrow = \text{per square yard}

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Usual Price 102/6 per square yard
SALE 77/6 per square yard

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Usual price 78/6 per square yard Slightly imperfect. SALE 58/6 per square yard

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12' 0" wide in green, with velvet pile. 12' 0" wide in ivory, with Kinky-pile. 15' 0" wide in grey-gold, with velvet pile.

When perfect 113/6 per square yard

SALE 79 6 per square yard

PLAIN WILTON BODY CARPET

Special sale offers.

(a) 27" wide. Heavy quality, ideal for all general purposes. Luxurious deep pile, in a large range of colours. Usual price 55/3 per yard

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(b) 27" wide. Contract range, in a limited quantity at

SALE 58/6 per yard

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(d) 27" wide. Odd rolls of discontinued ranges.

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SAVING 10/- per yard, e.g. AXMINSTER Originally 55/6 per yard

SALE 45/6 per yard

AXMINSTER Originally 52/6 per yard

SALE 42 6 per yard

WILTON Originally 55/9 per yard

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Plain Colours in one size only 12' 0" × 5' 0" Originally £45 , 12 , 0

SALE £31.10.0

Patterned in several sizes at greatly reduced prices to clar. e.g. $9'0'' \times 6'0''$ Originally £18.0.0 SALE £12.0.0

10' 6" × 7' 6" Originally £26 . 13 . 9

SALE £18.0.0

12' 0" × 9' 0"

Originally £36.1.0

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Personal shoppers only.

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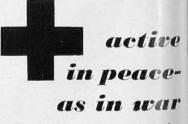
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